

BY THREE MEMBERS OF THE RACE Illustrations by a Fourth

### THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

Through miles of heated headlines: Sir Funston told the Mexicans They must not cross the deadlines. Our land reserve of sixteen men Will soon be fit for capture, Carranza's mood

Is almost rude,

And life is filled with rapture.

THE search for Villa still proceeds One button to the morning coat Is Gotham's ruling passion, Our motto is to keep abreast Of each important fashion. The colors for the current year Are growing somewhat shyer. The tie should be Concealed for tea, And ladies' skirts are higher.



Our land reserve of sixteen men will soon be fit for capture.

The Bowery may undergo A change of nomenclature, The latest styles, we understand, Are very close to nature. The golden Bock is now in stock-One swallow makes a summer, The sky this week Has sprung a leak-

Will some one page the plumber?

Real gasolene will soon be used As perfume by the wealthy, A meal a day, the doctors say, Would keep the cosmos healthy. Tis rumored that the G. O. P. Is flirting with the Colonel, The Army Bill

Is pale and still,

And Bryan springs eternal.

A renaissance in poodle dogs

King Albert will not mention peace

Is earnestly predicted.

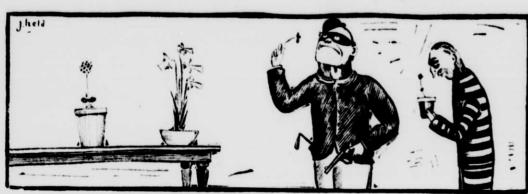
Till Wilhelm is evicted.

The submarines

'Tis said a flower in the home

Improves one's moral rating.

Are causing scenes.



'Tis said a flower in the home improves one's moral rating.

Berlin is coyly hinting at A reconciliation: She has not had so sane a thought Since Belgium was a nation. And yet the Allies do not trust The Kaiser's burning glances, With cruel art

They stab his heart And stop his least advances.

A MODERN DIARY.

Wednesday: Thinking of stopping altogether,

that I can stop at any time, nowever, makes a

thing like this seem unnecessary. I certainly

never would touch another eigarette if I thought

the statement was made that certain business

men wouldn't employ any young man who smoked eigarettes—said they couldn't do their

I threw the eigarette away. I was quite sure

that I could do it, in spite of what I had heard.

the use? They must do harm, that's logical.

Don't think I shall ever take it up again. What's

shaky, but I realize now what those coffin nails were doing for me; strange how blind we can be!

Sunday: Had a narrow escape this afternoon.

The thought of a cigarette had absolutely ban-

ished itself from my mind. I was introduced to

an awfully nice chap, and white we were stand-

ing talking, he pulled out his case, and offered

me a cigarcite. Then suddenly, without any

warning. I felt as if I must have one! Jones,

in the distance, was looking at me out of the corner of his eye, and I passed it up and de-

through every kind of a test, and haven't smoked

trouble at all. And maybe I don't feel better!

ned. Of course it was only an instant. Monday: I feel quite safe now, I have been

Tuesday: I smoked just one eighrette to-day

well in hand that I could do it. Am satisfied

that I should have tapered off. Felt immensely

Wednesday: I smound three to-day. This is

my limit. My idea is to smoke three for, say, a

week, then two, then one. By that time the

change will be so gradual that I can stop defi-

seemed to think that I had gone back to it.

Seturday: I've been through the mil! I'm a man at last! No more eigarettes!

morning, smoked four, and then threw the rest

Similary: Never felt worse in my life.

through the grass and searching for them!

right. Easiest thing I ever did!

Thursday: Jones caught me smoking, and

Friday: No more eigarettes for me! Jones was

Monsiny: Bought a package of eigarettes this

to the world to the state of th

petter immediatel.

control themselves!

since Thursday—that's four days. No

it was doing me the slightest harm.

best work. Don't believe a word of it!

fast.

would ouit altogether.

### A GOING AWAY CONVERSATION.

M ONDAY: Cutting down on my cigarettes.

I'm not going to begin until after break-.. A RE you ready, darling?" "Yes, mother dear."

The beautiful young girl, who was about to depart on her way to the young ladies' Tuesday: Great idea this, not smoking before breakfast. I have no doubt now, looking back seminary, paused for a moment as her fond on it, that it did do me barm. Smoking in mod- mother examined her carefully. Then the mother eration is all right; it's a good thing. If 1 thought it was doing me the slightest harm, I

"Wift you try to get along with one motor car?" "Oh, yes, mother. Not every girl has two,"

"And I wouldn't spend more than a thousand Why not? Perhaps I'd better try it for a week, | a week, dear. It is vulgar, you know, to make which will soon pass. The absolute conviction "I'll remember."

> "You're going to take your own piano?" "Ob, certainly."

"And you are sure one suite of rooms will be

Thursday: Jones called my attention to-day to a paragraph in an acticle about tobacco, in which "Dear mother, yes! I intend that my entertain-

ten's shall be very simple," "What have you done about a dancing master

or the turkey trot, the grizzly bear and the other Friday: I cut out eigareties yesterday. Yes. latest things?" "I have engaged a divine artist, who will teach it was a sudden determination. I was sitting by myself, smoking, when suddenly I thought,

me everything right up to the minute, as some "Why not try it for a week or so?" With that vulgar college girl might say."

"How about your textbooks, dear?" I've ordered them specially bound for me in

And your gymnasium equipment?" "Yes, mother. I have ordered the apparatus I will use, all gold plated. I knew you would

At such a manifestation of thoughtfulness the now overloyed mother threw her arms around dear daughter's neck.

"How proud I am of you!" she exclaimed. Any girl who is as thoughtful as you are bound to get on in this world, even if you didn't have the advantage of a private education."

### SOME SUMMER RESOLUTIONS.

(Why should resolutions not be made for summer as well as at New Year's? Surely the beciuning of summer is the most important time of as a matter of daty. I feel that I have myself so the near for many of us.)

RESOLVE to shirk as much of my work as possible, in order to even up for the times last winter when I worked much harder than I ought to have done.

To spend as much more money than I ought to in having a good time outdoors, as I would if I were doing something in which I expected to get my money back. To fall in love at least once-and as many

more times as the traffic will stand. To make out my Christmas list by the 1st of -and then not do it.

To avoid having the summer grip, or to give it to my neighbor. To keep cool when I can, and when I can't-

still to keen cool. To improve my capacity for not caring whether or not I play a better game of golf.

out of the window. Spent afternoon in wading To rescue at least one handsome girl from At last I've discovered the secret of To have my goggles on hand at least half of And that is to smoke only after each the times when I need them desperately. meal! How I despise those fellows who can't

To watch my station, my step and my stomach.

## THE INSIDIOUS BATH

of ultimate defeat. Within a brief five hundred years after they took to bathing the republic had become an empire and that empire had fallen. The virile Goths and Germans, Huns and vandals, unwashed and hardy and unshaven, swarmed over the Alps and descended upon Rome. stabling their horses in the marble baths where

themselves in effeminate luxury. Kingdom after kingdom has thus disappeared. as the soil does from the slopes of mountains during the spring floods, by a process of erosion. The Turks found the baths of Byzantium awaiting them when they overthrew its enervated Christian defenders in the lifteenth century; that was only half a thousand years ago, and to-day the Turkish Empire shows every evidence of decline. No nation can bathe consistently and persistently for five hundred years and survive.

once Senator and imperator had feebly disported

The practice is unnatural. There is an instinctive shrinking from it on the part of all unspoiled and innocent people. The male young of the human species can give you no reason for their settled aversion to the bath, and yet the quite casually, "My morning bath!" sub-conscious mind of a normal

THE Romans, after they had subjugated there the body into contact with an unnatural element, world, began to bathe; in the height of you fought against it; and you were right.

You had heard of people who bathed every day, and who said they liked it. But you did not

believe in them. You did not believe they did it. You could not believe they liked it. You had heard that in cities people had bathtubs built right into their houses. But you did not think much of city people and their ways.

And then, suddenly, when you were nine or ten years old, some fantastic person moved to the vil-lage and actually built a house with a bathtub in In base emulation, in servile and craven imi-

tation, older settlers, as they began to accumulate money and fashionable ideas, put bathtubs in their houses, too! People whom you knew, they were! Solid citi-

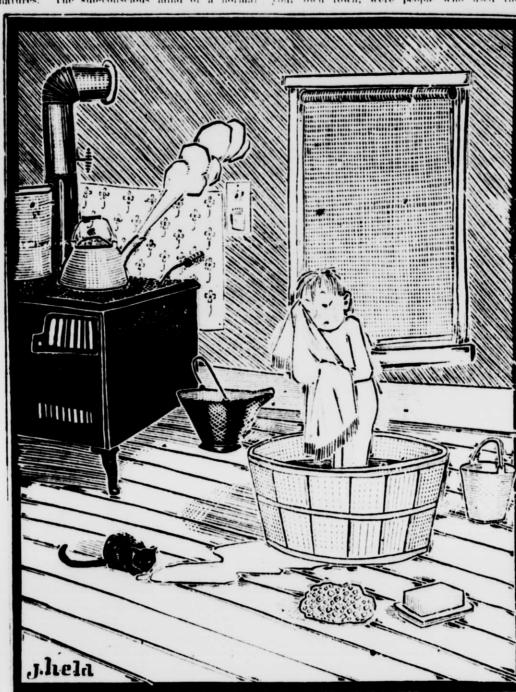
People whom you had always looked up People whom you had thought we could The thing spread, And a curious perversion of

the public attitude began to spread along with it Instead of the people who had barintals being made to feel that they were unnatural, and effeminate, the people who did not have bothtules began to get apologetic!

Could decadence go any further in an American village of the eighties?

It could. It did! You were ten years old when you heard for the first time the phrase used

Gradually you began to attach a meaning to intuition that it is all wrong is one of the most that phrase. Gradually the sickening certainty positive and poignant feelings of their healthy began to be borne in upon you that right here, in your own town, were people who used those



He regards it as an affectation.

boy warns him that the bath is the first down- built-in bathtubs every morning and were not ward step; psychically he perceives that it can ashamed of it! only lead to febrility and decadence; it is to him a loathsome thing, a shock to his nobler nature

and his finer sensibilities.

To be wested with the rain is one thing. go swimming is a pleasure, but the planned, denite, formal, conventional, regular bath he canonly regard as the affectation of a weakening mind; dim racial memories—for each individual is in himself an epitome and an illustration of the evolutionary process advise him of the days

gers of these deliberate ablutions.

These almost mystical reactions of the growing boy are not lightly to be disregarded. Reason. has not yet fully asserted its sway over his being; thought is not yet the impelling cause of his activities. He has a body, he almost has a soul he has little mind of his own. Body and soul alike are far more responsive to the influences and suggestions of the known and unknown universe than they will be a few years later. boy responds chemically and spiritually to the strong and subtle and mysterious natural forces with an unthinking directness. The fresh, unwithered tendrils of his ego reach out unconsciously to suck up nourislanent from his suroundings; he is festered and sustained by im palpable essences; he learns and is and grows

from contacts and accretions. Let us beware how we remove from the boy anything that may constitute (in some way that still eludes the plodding naturalist) his medium of communication with the great heartening and strengthening currents of the cosmos! Let us be ware how we scrape off of him, with the studied erudity and eruelty of soap and water, something that may be almost as necessary to him as a lung

It may be without reason, but it is not with out cause, that a boy hates and fears the bath Something tells him that it is not good for him! Once bathed, he feels that he has lost his affinity with the particles deposited in the true athlete's system by the shrewd magnetic currents of the living earth. Adam was made of mud; Pan is a shaggy god and a strong one.

Have we so soon forgotten Protens; Some of you who were raised in the country remember the heartfelt, instinctive protest which you used to make on Saturday nights when you were ordered to drag one of the washtubs up by the kitchen stove and go to it. You did not ob ject to going in as impring in summer time, but dentally, or you might not; if you did, misfortune readily remedied. Our own recolletion is that after swimming all day long we accumulated at least a little salutary sand and mud in the process of dressing on the creek bank

But when cold weather came, and all innocent

Were even boastful of it! But the worst was yet to co haldt had been formed; you were becoming de-graded; you got so that it meant nothing to you one way or the other; you could take it or leave gione and you did not care; the finer instincts referred to in the more philosophical portion of this article had been overlaid to that extent

And then the "shades of the prison house" began close. It is needless, and it would be painful. follow your downfall gradual step by step. Within another year you were bathing, still under protest, two or three times a week. Some of though that was rate.

ed then, about that time, your family moved to nee house and got a built-in bath room of their

a ald more did not mind it! Alas! Boyhood was over! The strong normal

instincts of the healthy human male, which should have carried him joyously through an active actescence and vigorous manhood to a hale o'd age, had given place to the affectations of a mineing pseudo elvilization.

### HISTORY OF STEAM.

S TEAM was invented by Hero of Alexandria, Sir Isaac Watts, Benjamin Futtor and Italy Sir Isaac Watts, Benjamin Fuiton and John D. Rockefeller in the sixteenth century for the purpose of overheating our houses. They sae ceeded beyond their wildest dreams.

Steam is also used in locomotives and in threat variorizers. If you have the grip buy a wrought ren vaporizer from the nearest steel factory, and ing carefully assembled its parts attach it o your theroid gland with bands of steel, first illing the boiler with pure distilled water, and see that the steam gauge is working correctly. After rebuilding the fire properly and putting on a uperstructure of cardamom seed and oil of cinna mon attach the nozzle to your asophagus and Repeat until the undertaker calls.

Steam attains its highest usefulness when corting up and down the interior of your steam istor from 5 to 6 in the morning when yen a been up all night the night before, or from ush palamas composing the final scene in your test grand opera. It is also used in kettl to put any water into them.

Steam has no regular habits. Just when you think you can rely upon it most it becomes fright pleasures departed from the practice of bringing | fully dissipated.

## TALES OF A JEALOUS WIFE

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

by Mrs. Abererombie Pelter, the acknowledged social leader of Blightville, was like balm to the soul of Harold Peasely.

For days he went about with a dove of peace iook in his eyes that would have been a real asset to the face of any full blown pacifist. Mrs. Pelter had asked Myrtle Peasely to join

her in the intricacles and complicated joys of an afternoon reception which was to come off a little later and was to be the grand event that should launch Myrtie into the Blightville social swim. Thus Harold lived in a fool's paradise for several days until one morning Myrtle leaned for

ward across the breakfast table, in her beautiful eyes the light of a firm resolve, and said sweetly: Dear. I've been thinking of all the possibilities nd I have decided to give it up."
"Give what up?" said Harold, even then not

realizing the full significance of her words.
"I'm not going to give any reception with Mrs. Pelter. I am not going to make the attempt to t in anywhere." Harold went cold. Visions of distant games of

golf, of dips in adjacent oceans, of motor trips to circumambient half way houses with his old boon companion Tom Pitt while Myrtle was entertaining Blightville society queens on her front pinzza and could not get away to follow him suddealy faded from his mind's eye. Why not?" he gasped.

would take me away from you. You see, I have been looking into the matter calmly. Mrs. Pelter has taken an undoubted fancy to me and will introduce me everywhere. The reception we had planned would of course put me in. I should have to join at least two country clubs besides the woman's club. Then there are at least two more bridge clubs, the Saturday afternoon putting contests, the ladies' auxiliary, to say nothing of dateing. And that's only a beginning. Why, in a short time I should be so occupied that I would not be able to call a single moment our

"It would really keep you busy, wouldn't it?" said Harold, his voice treabling with the excite-ment of losing such a large stake. "But, my dear, even at that we could work in a couple of after-"Yes, Harold, and what would you be doing

the rest of the time? You know that you would be utterly miserable. She looked at him longingly

"Say that you would be miscrable!" she re-



### He took her sternly by the hand.

hours you must have something to occupy your No. Myrtle, you must not give up this idea, wen though I suffer in being away from you. You must you shall be one of the social leaders

He got up and took her places; sternly by the car will be a social lender!" he demanded,

Lan she shook her head. I have already telephoned Mrs. Pelter that it is all off," she sold. "You know that when I once make up my mind nothing can change me. She sn't used to being turned down, either. I don't think she will ever have much to do with me." Harold's morning train was at this moment

whisting at a distant station.
"I'm off!" he said hearsely.
"But this must Don't do anything more until I get back. We

bink of some way our of this." the space bravely, but all the life had gone out alm as he stepped on the train. Peter was in from of him. Unconsciously they say down in the same sem. Suddenly Harold made up his mind nothing to lose and everything to gain. Harold

"Look here, old chap," he said, "I don't believe ordinarily in men mixing up with women's affairs, but let's be candid. I understand my wife has gone back on your wife."

time of trouble

had a winning manner that was a great help in

Petter grinned. "Has she?" he said. "Well, it would be the first. in the annals of Blightville that one woman has gone back on another." It had rather pleased him to learn that his wife, who had been in the social swim so long that her self-satisfaction become ingrained, should be turned down by a erry little stranger from the city.
"Yes," he went on, "I believe I did hope some

thing about it. Mrs. Pelier says that Mrs. Persely and going in with her for some reception they here to give. Glad of it! Glad the missus has found some one she can't control. Harold spoke rapidly.

You're in a position to help me out, old fellow he said. "I have to put it so baldly, for it sounds conceited, but the fact is my wife has a jealous temperament. Now I'm awfully foul of her of course, but well, I like to get out once in a while Peter nodded sympathetically

Exactly," he replied. "That's the idea, that's a man's only salvation in these days. I did the same thing with my wife. Had to push her in at have time to look at me. Expensive, but it's the only way a man fiving in the suburbs can achieve | undertake that reception | 1 vins his freedom. We meet occasionally at meals, isuppose that you can't get away for a moment?"

"I used to be that way when we first moved

"Well, you must help me out."

Petrer considered.

replied. "I myself can do nothing for you. You must see Mrs. Pelter. I imagine that she is a triffe hurt now over Mrs. Pensely's refusal, but when she really understands the situation she will "Lead." sine who persel. "M give you the benefit of her vast experience. Nice | wife?"

# VIII.-Harold Struggles for His Freedom

THE news that his wife was to be taken up | forgot all about his statement to Myrtle that he would be home on the 5 o'clock train. Pelic made arrangements to have him come out on the 4 o'clock. Harold, arriving at Blightville, hurried

to the Pelter residence.

Mrs. Pelter was waiting for him. She had given up a committee meeting, for her hysband



Myrtle motored to the station.

had said that the future happeness of a very good human being depended upon her being at Besides, she was rather interested to know why

Myrile had turned her down, "Your poor wife!" she began, "What is the marier with her? Will you have ten or sherry?" "Sheers," muratured Harold, "There's real nothing the matter with Myrtle except her over weening finney for me. She has a prophetic eye thinks if she gets stretted in the social swim she will not be able to keep me where she thinks ! ought to be." 'So that's it!" said Mrs. Pelier, "Well, she

won't but she won't care than. Four dear; I can remember when I used to feel that way about Abererombie. Now I don't care much what hap-pens to him so long as he doesn't disgrace me. But it is hard at thest and your wife is tempera-

"Yes, she is quite transported in your than I ought to ask too much of you. When I begin too to ask too much of you. When could only go ber started it would be all right." One reception might do the trick.

"But," said his companion, "you're rather goooking, you know, and naturally it's hard to Mrs. Pelier was a woman of respectable dime sions, the very last person on earth one would suspect of being a flirt. Indeed, she was not a flirt. She was an intensely busy social person. But In her antide besom there still heat a will hear and Harold well. Harold couldn't hel

though My rie into the swim. It means my foresdom. My dear friend - "

Mrs. Petter with her off hand poured out me "Have no fear of the result," she replied. "I'l do it gently, little by little. By next Novembe she will not be getting home any regular night

antil 3 A. M. And you and Ithe 5 alchek train. She see ersomeers anxional) Pur phis! there was no Harold. Suddenly Pelier came along. He saw Myrtle

and divined instantly the shoution. He knew, naturally, where Harold was at that preferator moment. Had be not amore the arrangement "Have you seen my husband?" asked Myrtle anxiousty. "He said that he would be on the

to do the wrong thing.
"Oh!" he excluded "He's conducted the next

train. Said he housed to get this family had in important foresylest might hold him up. "Your car isn't here," said Mystle. "Let up run you home and then I will come back and mee

the next train." "Oh, no!" cried Petter.

"I insist mem if In fear and trembling Petter got it "Just leave me maywhere outside of my grounds," he said, "I the a work about at the



Two figures more or less blended in the picture.

grounds occasionally. The to street up to my front steps. Exercise

She whisked him threach the culwith the research result half next train. An idea occurred "Fin afraid I was rude to Mrs. 15 od, twisen I told her race the gas-Potentials addited to help for our at most refrequently and they were store

"Is Mrs. Pelter in this allermone Myttle. At that moment she image through the window in from a second

at the side and then on into the s Your future happiness depends upon it," he tup by the last rays of the

of saving his wife-and incidentally himself-he | front them with their awful sin."

ap to the nouse this afternoon and have a quiet | Peter's hand in one of his and so Harold grasped at the offer like a downing man at a raft. In his excitement at the thought | teeth, "Now I see it ail. Count."